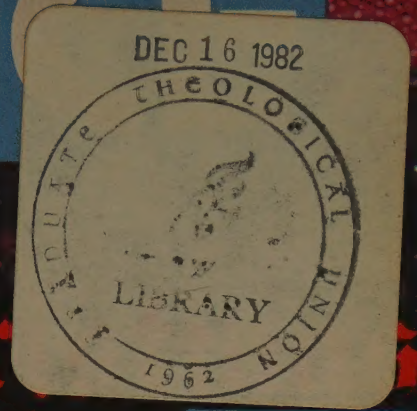


Four Square World

DECEMBER, 1982

ADVANCE

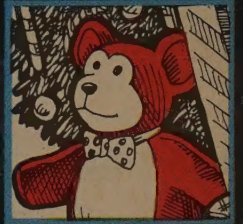


Chr

Have you
entertained an
angel...unaware?
Page 3.



"Happy"
holidays and
the single
person.
Page 6.



Four
missionary
Christmases...
away from
"home."
Page 12.



Editorial

By Janice Pedersen
Editor

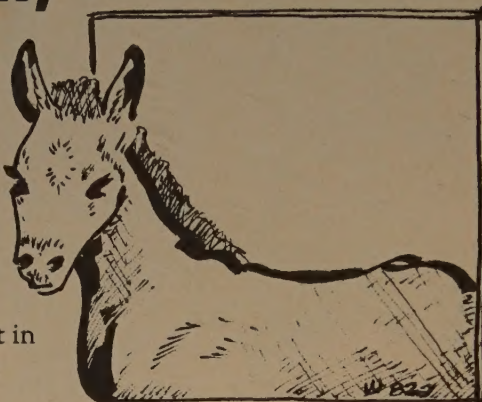
God Came to Earth. You Know, God.

I struggled with this editorial. I knew what I wanted to say, but there was just no way to say it in words, much less in four paragraphs.

What I wanted to convey was just the incomprehensible fact that God came to earth. God came to earth. You know, the Great Creator, the I AM, the Supreme Being, Alpha and Omega, He who always was and always will be. God. He decided that because He loved us so much, the great I AM would send His Son, part of Himself, to a little microscopic planet in the midst of the entire universe, as a *baby*. A real human *baby*. Seriously, try to imagine it.

Born in a *cattle manger* yet. Jesus' first thoughts in human form could have consisted of smelling a mixture of hay and manure (complete with pesty flies) and of wondering who that big-eyed animal was looking over His mother's shoulder. And cared for by an average man and woman who owned no stocks in the stock market; in fact, from the world's point of view not knowing Jesus had been conceived by the Holy Spirit, they weren't even *married*. And all this with the thought in mind that He would be laughed at, spit upon, and would die a disgraceful death at the hands of those He *created*.

I struggled with this editorial. I knew what I wanted to say, but there just seemed no way to say it in words, much less in four paragraphs. God came to earth. You know, God.



This We Believe

...that the Holy Bible is the inspired Word of God (II Tim. 3:16; II Pet. 1:19-21).

...that God is triune--Father, Son, and Holy Spirit (I John 5:7; John 1:1,2,14).

...that man fell through disobedience (Romans 5:12,19).

...that Christ died to redeem us (Titus 2:14; Gal. 3:13).

...that salvation is through grace (Eph. 2:8-10; Rom. 3:23,24).

...that repentance and acceptance are vital (I John 1:9; John 6:37b).

...that new birth must be experienced to become a child of God (John 3:3; II Cor. 5:17).

...in a daily Christian life (I Thess. 5:23; Heb. 6:1).

...in water baptism through immersion (Rom. 6:4; Acts 2:41).

...in the institution of the Lord's supper (I Cor. 11:23b-28).

...in the Baptism of the Holy Spirit (Acts 1:5,8; 2:4).

...in the Spirit filled life (Rom. 12:1,2; Gal. 5:16,25).

...in the gifts and fruit of the Holy Spirit (Rom. 12:6-8; Gal. 5:22,23; John 15:8).

...that we must be moderate in all things (Phil. 4:5).

...in Divine healing (James 5:14-16; Matt. 8:17).

...that the Second Coming of Christ is both imminent and personal (I Thess. 4:16,17).

...in Church relationship and in civil government (Heb. 10:24,25; Rom. 13:1,3).

...in the final judgment (Matt. 13:41-43).

...in heaven and hell (I Cor. 2:9; John 14:2; Rev. 20:10,15).

...in tithes and offerings to support the Lord's work (Malachi 3:10; II Cor. 9:7).

...that the Church is responsible to evangelize all nations (Mark 16:15; John 4:35-37).

STATEMENT OF FAITH
International Church of the
Foursquare Gospel

FOURSQUARE WORLD ADVANCE (ISSN 0015-9182)
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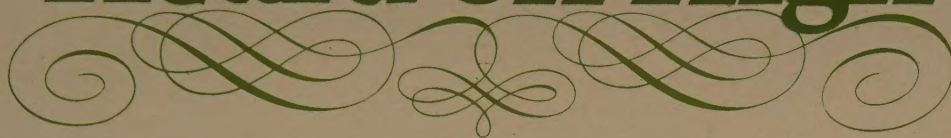
2 ADVANCE

COVER PHOTO: Pamela Gulick, member of Angelus Temple, Los Angeles, California, finds some goodies early Christmas morning. Special thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Peterson, Glendale, California, for use of their fireplace. Photo by Aleta Bawks and Dan Phelps.

Fiction

By John Duckworth

Angels We Have Heard on High



Young Pastor Torgenson, resplendent in the new three-piece, charcoal-gray suit his wife had given him especially for this Christmas Eve service, mounted the platform. An ocean of faces looked back at him, the faces of the Red Ridge Community Church, holiday-excited and ruddy from the cold outside.

The pastor smiled for a second at his wife who beamed from the first row, then began. "Before the choir sings our first anthem, 'Angels We Have Heard on High,'" he said, "let me remind you of a Scripture passage about angels. Turn with me to Hebrews 13:2, if you will...."

A tissue-thin shuffle of Bible pages went through the sanctuary like a rushing wind. Then it stopped, and as the pastor was about to read Hebrews 13:2, a murmur rose in the rear pews, near the door.

To the consternation of several older members, a shocking pair of visitors had entered. The man was tall, blond, bushy-bearded—a near skeleton in a grimy navy pea coat; the girl was very, very pregnant, swathed in a shapeless beige peasant dress and tattered sweater. A kerchief failed to conceal her stringy black hair.

"Wonder

if they're married?" whispered a woman in the back row.

"I never saw the like, not in this church," grumbled a man. From her usual seat, old Mizzie Everett just squinted at the strangers, apparently as confused as ever.

Pastor Torgenson paused, smelling trouble. Another battle of the old and the new, he sighed to himself. Some of those older folks in the back look ready to throw their hymn books at the young couple. And there are some high-schoolers on the other side, probably wanting to bean their elders back. Will it never end?

"Welcome," he finally called out to the bedraggled strangers. "We're glad you're here. Sit right down."

But it was easier said than done. The young couple had to wind their way to the front to find the only vacant seats. A few hundred curious eyes watched.

"Now, as I was saying," the young preacher continued, "Hebrews 13:2." He cleared his throat. "Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

He gulped, surprised at the verse's

sudden aptness. "Well. Uh, perhaps you've read stories about Christmas visitations by angels. Many have been written, most of them pure fiction. But let's remember tonight that our Lord Himself was not recognized for who He was. And let's make sure there's room at our inn tonight." A nod to the choir, and he sat down by the pulpit.

The music

billowed behind him. He tried not to stare at the young couple, but couldn't help it. Who were they? Why were they here?

All at once it hit him. On Christmas Eve, a bearded young man and a pregnant young woman seeking shelter? Did they have a donkey parked outside, too?

He smiled to himself. Angels unawares? Well, one never knew....

The choir's last *Gloria in excelsis deo* faded, and the pastor jumped to his feet. He had an idea.

"In our bulletin, the order of service calls next for a pastoral prayer. But before I

(Continued next page)

"Angels? He couldn't hold back



look
at the floor,
embarrassed, as
Mizzie tried to remem-
ber a Bible verse or sing
a song in her rusty squeal of
a voice. It was starting to put a
damper on services, some people said.

The pastor's hope rose as the
bearded young man started to get to
his feet. But Mizzie was up first, and she
took the microphone from the reluctant
usher. An almost audible groan went
up from the congregation.

"Uh, thank you, Mizzie," the pastor
said after a minute of the old woman's
rambling. But she droned on.

I wish

she'd take a hint, the pastor thought.
Poor old Mizzie—her mind's starting to
go and she still pedals that three-
wheeled bicycle all over town, making a
spectacle of herself. Even the older
members shook their heads about it.

Again the
pastor tried
not to gaze at
the young strangers,
but hoped they'd share
their obvious needs. After all,

this was a unique chance for the
church to show hospitality, he thought.
"Just a brief time," he repeated,
unconsciously nodding at old Mizzie
Everett in the back. Poor old Mizzie,
they called her. She loved sharing
times. At the first click of the micro-
phone, she'd jump up as quickly as her
arthritis allowed, only to ramble on and
on about some long-forgotten event or
person. The whole congregation would

lead
us, let's
find out what
we have to pray
about on this Christ-
mas Eve. Jack—" He mo-
tioned to an usher. "If you'll get
the movable microphone, we can
have a brief time of sharing our needs."

chuckle of wonderment..."



Finally she surrendered the microphone. "We'll be sure to pray about that, Mizzie," the pastor said, and then looked to the young couple. This time the skinny fellow made it all the way to his feet.

"I—I don't know anything about talkin' in church," he began shakily. "But my old lady—" He indicated the girl at his side. "I mean, my, er, wife and I really need a place to stay tonight. We saw the lights and came in."

The pastor watched the young man speak, touched by his need. "We're glad you did," the pastor said, "and I'm sure we can find you a place to stay. By the way, what's your name?"

The young man looked away shyly. "I'm Joe," he said. "And this is Mary."

A startled murmur was heard. "Joseph and Mary?" the pastor asked incredulously.

"Yeah, I know how it sounds," the young man said, growing red-faced. "But it's true, really."

The pastor couldn't hold back a chuckle of wonderment. "Indeed it is," he said, and quoted Hebrews 13:2 again. Angels unawares! Inspired, he thanked the young man and prayed fervently for the young couple's needs, the families gathered there and the war-weary world's longing for peace on earth.

There was no doubt about it—the

choir sounded sweeter than ever that night; the ancient story from Luke was never better read, or more poignant. Even the atmosphere seemed rarer, closer to heaven with the young couple sitting there in the front. When the time had come for the benediction, Pastor Torgenson looked out on the Christmas Eve faces and spoke from his heart.

"Let there be room in our inn tonight," he said. "Let us reach out to the Lord of Christmas and to one another. We may be different from one another—but because he came we can be one."

Downstairs,

where the church ladies had prepared punch, coffee and cookies, the congregation streamed in for a bit of fellowship. The pastor and his wife brought cups of coffee to the young man and woman, only to discover that several parishioners had already done the same.

"We'd be happy to have you stay at our house tonight, Joe and Mary," volunteered a middle-aged couple.

"I was going to say the same thing," said another. A group of highschoolers brought cookies and punch to the strangers. Pastor Torgenson, smiling broadly, hugged his wife.

Over in the corner by the coffee percolator, old Mizzie Everett sat alone with both hands around a cup of punch. She squinted at the sea of people, seeming confused by the noise. Then, suddenly, she put down her punch and looked at her watch.

As if on schedule, she picked up her purse and made her way to the door along the crowd's edge. Nobody no-

ticed her leave.

The night was cold. Setting her jaw determinedly, Mizzie struggled against her arthritis to mount her three-wheeled bicycle.

So frail, these mortal bodies, she thought, dumping her purse in the bike's basket. Her legs strained, pumping the pedals. Iced puddles cracked under her wheels all the way out of town.

The city-limits sign flashed past. Wheezing, she knew she could go no further. Slowing, she parked by the side of the road.

The highway was deserted. Only the stars and heaven watched as she climbed the sloping field by the road, her breath coming in hoarse gasps. A dog barked in the distance.

Christmas Eve,

she thought, looking at the sky. Just like that first Christmas Eve, when she had sung with the others. Oh, but that had been easy compared to this assignment. This time she'd had to take on a body for such a long time. Not like the Sodom and Gomorrah visit, or the rest.

She stretched and felt a pain. It was good to be going home.

Smiling, she closed her eyes and reached heavenward. Slowly the creases in her face vanished, and the twisted hands unfurled. Going home, she thought.

Brighter and brighter her face glowed, her old coat transformed into a robe the color of the sun. It was an angel's robe.

At last, she thought, at last. There was a silent flash in the night, and Mizzie Everett was gone.

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Gifts of Love

PEOPLE

By Rev. Doris J. Shee

Sometimes "Merry Christmas" can turn into "Holiday Blues" for the single person. But in the hands of Doris and Ollie, brightly colored combs, pencils and Sunday comics became...

Ollie gazed at me

and said, "Doris, can you believe that Christmas is almost here?" I nodded my head, knowing far too well that it was fast approaching because those same pangs of loneliness I'd experienced so often at that time of year had already begun to overwhelm me.

We began to talk about the Christmas season and the meaning of the birth of Jesus. Soon we were recounting our own experiences of Christmas, the joys, the hurts, but most of all, our dreams of the future when we both fully expected we would no longer be living in our state of "blessed singleness." After all, we mused, isn't Christmas for families and children? Neither of us desired to spend our future as a single person, but here we were, both single, wishing to once again claim those past memories of warmth and peace we had both remembered as children.

The Christmas season, according to tradition, is one of peace, love, contentment, family togetherness, and the warmth of hearth and home. But for many single men and women who live alone, including those divorced, widowed, or outcast from society, the Christmas tree and turkey are often associated with loneliness and unhappiness. Too often, past memories of family conflicts, sadness and a general withdrawal into the self is not the

warm, peaceful experience they remembered as a child. Coupled with the unhappiness is guilt because they are not feeling the way tradition says they are "supposed to feel."

These were some of the many emotions

I was experiencing at this time. For the single person living alone, Christmas is often not the time to be jolly, I had learned. Unfortunately in my case, isolation and loneliness are associated with the stereotype of the single woman because, in our society, they have been expected to find their identity in terms of their families.

Here Ollie and I were, both wondering how we could survive the holiday season and live through Christmas day. We were both students at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio. Prior to coming to the university, Ollie (Stonebraker) Holt served as a missionary to the All Tribes Indian Mission School in Bernalillo, New Mexico. She often talked about the children, their escapades and needs, and about the meager Christmas the children and missionaries had the previous year.

One evening, we decided to make the coming Christmas day a memorable one for the children and missionaries at All Tribes. The more we talked

about the possibilities, the more excited we became. Ollie wrote a quick letter to the school, obtaining the names, ages, and sizes of the 40+ children. How excited we were as we impatiently awaited the return letter that would send us on what turned out to be many shopping sprees.

Suddenly our own thoughts of loneliness and wishes became lost in our desire to make this the best Christmas ever for those unfortunate enough to be small and alone in the world (except for the love given them by the missionaries).

For many days, after finishing classes at the university, we hurried off to shopping centers to purchase our gifts of love. There were mittens and gloves to buy, warm, brightly colored scarves, earmuffs, warm slippers, bright shirts and blouses, even toothbrushes and toothpaste, and of course, combs, bobby pins, bright barrettes, and shampoo for each little girl's dark, silky hair.

Everything had to be brightly colored

or we did not buy it. What Ollie didn't think of—I did—and it soon became a game as we recalled our own childhood and thought about the kinds of things that made our eyes light up on Christmas morning. We tried to be practical, but our need to be extravagant frequently took over.

There were toys to buy, bright red cars for the little boys and cuddly dolls for the little girls, as well as teddy bears that would give any little boy or girl security at night.

We thought of the teenage girls, and remembering our own desires at that time, we made sure there were pretty slips, hose and mirrors. Boys were the hardest to choose for, but the bright socks and shirts were fun to buy. There were games, balls, jigsaw puzzles, pens, pencils, and of course, tablets for school.

We bought small, personal gifts for each missionary, and it just wouldn't be Christmas without candy, so we bought candy for everyone. Needless to say, the purchases were all made in those discount stores where we could get the most for our money. We really were fairly poor college students living on scholarship money.

But the thought of that never



deterred us. We were more excited than the children could ever be on Christmas morning!

In the stores we were like children

who had been let loose by their parents as we raced up and down the aisles claiming our prizes.

We bought the brightest paper and ribbon that could be found in Cleveland, and when we ran out of money, we salvaged the bright comic pages of the Sunday papers to add variety. Surprisingly enough, these papers made lovely packages. As we wrapped, we played with the toys, hugged the dolls and teddy bears, and Ollie told cute incidents that had happened on the reservation. At times we laughed until tears rolled down our cheeks, and at other times, we cried from sheer exhaustion.

All the different sized packages were clearly marked as to their contents so the missionaries knew who was to receive each gift. Some were large, some were small, but each was adorned with a candy cane and contained a whole bushel of love from our hearts.

As we wrapped the gifts, we piled them in one corner of our rooms. Soon we became the envy of the other students as they daily stopped in to observe our progress. We could not help but feel their enthusiasm as they occasionally got involved in the project.

Now, how were we to get them from Cleveland, Ohio, to New Mexico? Ollie knew that the Navajo Freight Lines delivered missionary packages to Indian reservations without charge. What a blessing that was, because it gave us more money with which to buy gifts!

Though I've never met one of those children or missionaries to my knowledge since that time, I learned a valuable lesson. What happiness and joy replaced our loneliness. The letters of thanks from the missionaries and children later confirmed that joy we received in doing for others and forgetting about ourselves. We learned that joy comes not in the great things, but in the small things. We also learned that our zeal in doing for others rubbed off onto others. It was the most memorable Christmas I ever experienced.

Fifteen years have passed

since that adventure. Today Ollie is happily married living in Pennsylvania and has that Christian family she so earnestly desired. As for me, I am still living in that state of single bliss and have found it to be both satisfying and fulfilling, knowing that I am in God's will.

Many Christian books are written on the single state, offering counsel on how we should be happy though single. We have been challenged to find fulfill-

ment in careers, hobbies, and church activities, and unfortunately, we often fall into a pitfall of self-seeking and self-fulfillment.

How then can the single person survive and live happily through the holiday season? I believe there is more for us than having to escape into other things such as work to avoid spending a lonely Christmas day all alone. Loneliness can lead to a cycle of self-pity. But if used wisely, loneliness can produce growth and can be a means of bringing a clearer understanding of oneself, family and friends.

Rather than losing yourself in work, reach out to others. Chances are you'll find people willing to reach out to you. Plan ahead for the holidays; make sure that you have something to do and someone to spend the day with. Look for that person who is in need and bless them with a happy

Christmas day. Find others in similar situations as yourself and invite them to celebrate the day with you. Make your home the home you always wanted it to be.



Rev. Shee ministers with Rev. Marilyn Mathews as Associate Pastor at the newly established Trinity Chapel Foursquare Church in Wichita, Kansas. She also serves as Assistant Professor at Wichita State University, is a registered nurse and holds a Master's Degree in Nursing from Case Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio. As a result of this article, Rev. Shee hopes to begin research on the single woman and loneliness.

"We long to do things beyond the call of duty because we want the privilege of hearing Him say, 'Well done.'"

*—George and Jane Faulkner
Missionaries to Brazil,
South America*

Togeth B

Dr. George Faulkner: "Brazilians are an industrious and progressive people. But many of them practice spiritism.

So, many suffer from disease and bondage. They need to know our Jesus, the Deliverer."

A Ministry Flourishing.

George and Jane Faulkner have worked on the mission field for 26 years. They have served the people of Chili, Uruguay and Argentina. But for the last two decades, their ministry has flourished among the people of Brazil.



Dr. Faulkner is the president of the National Board, directly in charge of 1,250 churches and the pastor of the 2,000 member headquarters church. Mrs. Faulkner is president of the 42,200 member Brazilian United Foursquare Women (UFW), a teacher at the Foursquare Bible Institute, director of the 120-voice youth choir, and church organist.

Their lives testify to God's abundance. But, their lives also testify to His ability to keep them as well. Dr. Faulkner shares, "Jane's been at the point of death four times. But, always, the Lord has healed her." That word "always" pictures the wellspring feeding their ministry: *faith*. A simple faith that the God who calls, provides.



(Top row, left) The local mayor helped dedicate a new Foursquare church. To their credit, local government leaders support religious freedom.



(2nd row, left) Hundreds crowd the Bello Horizonte Foursquare Church. They came to thank God for the love and power flowing through this work.



(2nd row, center) Pastor Pedro Antipas and Dr. Faulkner share a mutual concern for God's people in Brazil: their freedom in Christ.

(3rd row, left) Rev. Jane Faulkner preaches the gospel with grace and fervor. Here, she instructs ladies at a recent Foursquare congress.



(3rd row, right) Enthusiasm runs high among Brazilian Foursquare believers. Prior to a recent campaign, these believers met Dr. Faulkner at the airport.



! A PROFILE OF FOURSQUARE WORLD MINISTRIES AZIL!

MISSIONS
INTERNATIONAL
4



(Top row, right) The Santa Catarina Foursquare Church began as an independent work. The pioneering couple gave it to Foursquare on the condition that their work continue. It has doubled in size.



(2nd row, right) The progressive drive of Brazilians has transformed rural areas into modern high-rise cities.



They Have Noticed. Dr. Faulkner presses for biblical teaching. Many have taken these words to heart. And the community has taken note. A *police chief* once called a Foursquare pastor to help a woman in the throws of demon possession. She was set free through his authority in Christ.

Spirit of Revival. Since the inception of Foursquare's work in Brazil 33 years ago, as Dr. Faulkner puts it, "There has been a great spirit of revival." Foursquare work has been particularly blessed. Extraordinary numbers of salvations, healings and Holy Spirit baptisms have characterized Foursquare's fastest growing church internationally. And almost 7,300 of our workers, licensed and ordained ministers serve in every state and territory of the nation.

Prayer & Action Focus

- Pray that the Lord will open additional opportunities to plant new Foursquare churches throughout Brazil.
- Pray for the Lord's blessings upon the government of Brazil for their welcome support of religious freedom.
- Pray that many will see how spiritism is empty and hopeless.
- Pray that the Lord will continue to strengthen the Faulkners to bear their profound responsibilities.

Dr. Faulkner: "We plan to plant a Foursquare church in every county of Brazil—4,040 before 1990." And you and I will, with God's help...

Together!

International

Bamboo firecrackers, tamales and swimming pools are all part of Christmas in other countries.



Joy For All Nations

★ FRANCE

The French Christmas season begins the first week in December with street fairs and holiday decorating. Children receive their gifts on Christmas Eve when Pere Noel (Father Christmas) passes to fill their shoes with candy and place presents under the tree.

The season continues until Epiphany, January 6, when the arrival of the three kings in Bethlehem is feted by the eating of "king's cake," a fruit-and-nut-filled circular sweet bread in which a bean has been hidden. Whoever finds the bean is proclaimed "King for A Day" and wears a gold paper crown.

The "reveillon," the dinner after Christmas Eve service, can feature many delicacies which may include oysters (in Paris) or fish soup (in Brittany). The

meal always finishes with 13 desserts of nuts, dried fruits, mandarine oranges, and special candies and cakes. Everyone is expected to at least taste them all!

The most charming French Christmas traditions center around the nativity scene. Each family's scene is brought out early in December, the manger remaining empty until Christmas Eve when baby Jesus was born. The wise men are placed on the far edge of the scene. Each day they are moved an inch or two until they reach the stable on Epiphany to offer the Christ Child their gifts.

The manger scene tradition took on an added dimension at the end of the 17th century when people began to add representations of local townsfolk. These terracotta figurines

are called "santons" or "little saints." Find the photo on page 12 which tells about the "santons."

—Jill Picone, Missionary to France

★ NORWAY

Christmas in Norway is always very special. The houses are meticulously cleaned from floor to ceiling, and the seven special kinds of Christmas cookies are all a part of the celebration.

I can remember a very special presence of awe each Christmas Eve. The tree was decorated on Christmas Eve day (with real burning candles when I was a little girl). Then around 5 o'clock in the evening we would go outside and listen to the churchbells "ring in" the start of the celebration.

★ It seemed as though a million sparklets of reflected moonlight danced upon the crispy snow in rhythm to the bells.

As we came inside we were met by the smell of "surkal" (sweet-sour cabbage with caraway seeds). My father or brother would read the "Julevangeliet" from the Gospel of Luke before we ate our meal. In Eastern Norway it is customary to eat spareribs, "medisterpølse" (sausage) and "surkal." For dessert we have "moltekrem." (Let the reader of Norwegian descent now smack his lips and say, "Noe sa vidunderlig deilig!")

The first day of Christmas was very quiet and always used for rest and attending church. The second and third days of Christmas were used

for visiting neighbors, friends and family. Maybe you'll spend this Christmas huddled up around the fireplace. I hope the warmth, peace and coziness of our celebration of the Saviour's birth will bless and enrich you. —Inger Bretz, Missionary to Norway

NIGERIA

Because Nigeria is a country of many festivals, to the average Nigerian, Christmas is another festival. The English influence is seen as "Father Christmas" sits on his snow-glistening throne surrounded by reindeer in the larger department stores. It is strange to hear the old refrain, "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas," as you wind your way through the hot, humid streets in search of a cool drink or swimming pool.

The practice of gift giving is not a common one. But any festival is feast time, and for those who can afford to, Christmas is no exception.

Christmas is also a time for going home. Most people working in the city will return to their village to be with family and friends. To the born-again Christian, Christmas is a day to worship the Lord with fellow believers. To some, it is the best day for door-to-door witnessing or for doing personal work in hospitals and jails. The Christian's gift to the world is to share the Good News that our Saviour was born in Bethlehem and is alive evermore to save whoever will come to Him. —Rose Belobaba, Missionary to Africa

PANAMA

Panama is sometimes called "The Crossroads of the World." So it is fitting that the celebration of Christmas here reflects more than one culture.

Most employees receive a Christmas bonus equal to half a month's pay. A good portion of that is spent on gifts. Though Santa Claus has made a stronger appearance in recent years, the most common expression concerning gifts is still "Me le traje el Nino Dios" (stiffly translated, "It was brought to me by the God-Child").

The churches have one cus-

tom worth special attention. On a date near December 24, a party is given by the individual churches for all the children of the church, free of charge. Candy, cake and refreshments are served, and a small gift is given to every child. —Loren Edwards, Missionary to Panama

In Panama, the main Christmas meal is eaten around midnight with the traditional tamale as one of the main foods. One of the activities of the American church in the Canal Zone was to visit the leprosarium and take gifts and goodies to the patients, some of whom have been there for most of their lives. The commercial aspect is a vital part of Christmas, but thank God for the many, many Christians who now know the true joy and peace of the Christ of Christmas. —Darlene Coombs, Former Missionary to Panama

HONDURAS

Fireworks, music and much festivity takes place all over Honduras during Christmas, celebrated on December 24. Families gather together and enjoy a late supper of pork or chicken tamales. Even the poorest of families will try to have tamales. Apples and grapes are also a treat at this time. Parents will sacrifice to have these, as apples sell for \$1.00 a pound, with grapes being \$1.75 to \$2.00 a pound.

After the midnight meal, families stay up most of the night visiting friends and neighbors, wishing everyone "Feliz Navidad" ("Merry Christmas") with a hug and a kiss. The Honduran Christian attends Christmas Eve service where a Christmas drama is presented. Then, Christmas day is rather quiet as most people are tired after a night of celebration! —Carlene Truett, Missionary to Honduras

BRAZIL

The Brazilian Foursquare churches have two distinct ways to celebrate Christmas. For the 300-400 new works, two years or younger, the usual procedure is to invite an evangelist. The older churches prepare early for a delightful, original program.

The headquarters church presents a band concert one night, while the church choir performs another night with music from Bach and Handel. The Sunday school program includes darling children, then always on December 25, the young people and their 120-voice youth choir give a talented presentation. Every group performs before a capacity audience of 1,000 people, with the conversion of many precious souls. Every year it is truly "Feliz Natal" ("Happy Christmas"). —Jane Faulkner, Missionary to Brazil

CHILE

In Chile, Christmas is at the height of summer! People are on vacations and the beaches are crowded. Therefore, we realize that Christmas cannot be associated with a season, but with a person! And that person is Jesus.

No one goes to bed on Christmas Eve. The church is the center of activities with the children dramatizing poems about the "Nino Dios." The young people present a Christmas drama, and people are given the opportunity to come to Christ. All young girls that never have many pretty clothes look forward to a new dress for church.

After midnight (for the service will last until then), the people return home or go to friends' homes to celebrate with meat pies, fruit cake, chicken dishes and other special foods.

—Barbara Edwards, former missionary to Chile

HONG KONG

Due to its culture, Christmas in the average Chinese community is not fervently celebrated as much as in other countries. For most, it serves as a conveniently placed two-day break following the Feast of the Winter Solstice, when families gather to remember the good of the past harvest, and the Chinese New Year, a festival full of best wishes for a lucky and healthy future.

For Chinese Christians, however, the "Festival of the Holy Birth" becomes an opportune time for evangelism and wit-

ness. Celebrations are conducted by the churches suitable for entire family participation where unsaved friends and family may be reached. Water baptisms are planned especially at this time as a channel of witness. Outreaches into villages, prisons, refugee camps or drug-addiction centers are conducted.

Each year during this season, members from our Hong Kong churches visit the Macao Foursquare Gospel Children's Home to share Christ's love. Programs filled with songs, plays, scripture recitations, etc., are meticulously prepared by the kids. Thanks to the generosity of their United Foursquare Women (UFW) sponsors in the U.S. and Canada, each child receives new clothes, shoes, gifts of candies and small games. —Carole Williams, Missionary to Hong Kong

PHILIPPINES

Bamboo canons, firecrackers and shouts of "Maligaya Pasko" ("Merry Christmas") greet the visitor who ventures out on Christmas Eve in the Philippines. For days, youth are filling foot-long pieces of bamboo with gas so when it is lit on Christmas Eve, it will boom the cheers.

Lanterns made of tissue paper and shaped like stars line the streets and are placed in every home as a symbol of the star which the wise men followed.

Every Filipino dreams of going home for Christmas. There, the women cook the "salo-salo," the dinner of native foods to be eaten after the midnight hour. Many Christian families first attend the late-night Christmas Eve service.

The godparents can expect a visit from the children whom they accompanied at their baptism or dedication. Each receives a gift. Many among the rich host an open party at which anyone may attend and enjoy the Filipino delicacies.

Finally, on New Year's Day, homes may be filled with as much rice as the family can store, a symbol of abundance of the new year.

—Eloise Clarno, Missionary to the Philippines

These terracotta figurines are called "santons" or "little saints" in France. Ranging in size from 1-15 inches, they may be simply painted or elaborately dressed in period peasant styles and fabrics. Grouped around the central characters at the stable, these peasant figures represent local people bringing their homemade gifts to the new Messiah. By this we are reminded that Christmas implies an ongoing offering of our lives to the Lord Jesus.

Missions

Most Foursquare missionary families cannot be "home" in the U.S. for Christmas. Read how they have learned to celebrate so faraway.



CHRISTMAS *away from home*

A Papua New Guinea Christmas With Millie and Phil Starr

The idea of Christmas festivities in the culture of Papua New Guinea is still in the forming state. As former missionaries to this country, Millie and I had the joy of seeing some "first time" things develop.

Our church people in Lae and Goroka exchanged gifts within the congregation for the first time. The idea of gift giving was a delight and projected the thought of giving

to others.

Another "first" was the children's program as we placed a miniature manger scene and decorated a Christ-

mas tree at the front of the chapel. What a delight to everyone—the manger, children's program, and lighted sparkling tree!

These children are celebrating Jesus' birth in Papua New Guinea.



After the Christmas service, Millie and I went home and enjoyed "Christmas by shortwave." On our short-wave radio, station after station around the world beamed out songs and carols of Christmas. The Christmas story was told verbally in many, many different foreign languages—some we couldn't identify.

Long ago, angels from on high had sung and told of the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem. But that night, Millie and I heard the carols of Christmas from believers and saints all over the world. Into the wee morning hours, we tuned back and forth across the dial rejoicing that the gospel was being told, "Jesus Christ is born today. Allelujah!"

The next morning, missing our children, family and loved ones, we rose early and went to Kapakamarigi station to enjoy the national brethren's celebration of singing, cooking the traditional "mumu" (feast cooked in the ground on hot rocks), bow and arrow shooting contests and Christmas fellowship.

Christmas in the Transkei with Lewis and Arlene Ziegler

"Dreaming of a White Christmas" is about all one can do here in December, for this is the time of summer rains, heat and humidity. During Christmas, all take their yearly vacation, making their way to the Indian Ocean. For many years during this time, we ourselves camped in a small trailer, then later we moved to a rugged sea cottage just a stone's throw from the foaming breakers of the ocean.

Christmas day starts with an early morning dip in the ocean. Soon after breakfast we gather around as a family to decorate a "green" tree of some sort (most just have bare branches). Now we have an artificial tree from the U.S. When the children were small, someone always played "Santa," handing out the surprises, then the conventional tea and fruit cake were served.

By this time you can see the smoke rising from the outside fires of the camps where the black large cast-iron pots have turkey well-tucked inside. Soon the sound of tribal singing is heard and hundreds of local tribal people make their way to the campsites donned in their best tribal dress. As is the custom, candies are thrown high in the air and children jump and scramble for the candy.

Christmas dinner is by no means formal. Bathing suits and bare feet are part of the dress. At this moment our hearts turn heavenward as we thank the Lord for all His goodness during this past year.

Mid-afternoon finds us singing Christ-

mas carols—"O Come All Ye Faithful" and "Joy to the World"—but with no "Dashing Through the Snow"! Lewis then usually conducts a service. Most of the campers are from many denominational backgrounds, but we worship together in the knowledge that Jesus came, and joy of joys, we can know Him!

Christmas in Hong Kong With Ron and Carole Williams

Some years ago, our family began two traditions. First, we prepare our hearts for Christmas by using a European Advent tradition of candles and special Scripture readings during December.

Second, we set aside Christmas day as a time of giving ourselves to others. Each year, we invite a person or family to join in Christmas worship at our headquarters church. Then they are invited to our home for dinner, fellowship, and to receive a token of our love.

Christmas is celebrated all around the world including here in Chile.



In recent years, guests have included a Foursquare believer from Shanghai who celebrated her first Christmas in freedom in over a quarter of a century; a new missionary family in the colony; U.S. naval personnel on special shore leave; and members from Foursquare churches around the world who found themselves away from home at Christmas.

Christmas for our family also includes a supper for all the ministers and office staff of our district, church and school activities, a family time which includes the reading of Christ's coming, and a visit to the Macao Foursquare Gospel Children's Home.

A Korean Christmas With Ron and Charlotte Meyers

Knock, knock. Who would that be

at our back door on Christmas day? The man from the electric company?

Oh, yes, even though it is the 25th of the month, it is like any other day of the year to Koreans. Business goes on as usual.

But to us who were raised in the United States, Christmas is still a very special holiday with its traditions. Until recently, we had to improvise to make it look like Christmas back home in America. Since toys in Korea are scarce and flimsy, our boys now have their own hammers, saws and pliers to go with the screwdrivers and tape measures they got for birthdays. This last year, their daddy bought them a go-cart that another American boy had made and outgrown.

Because it is illegal to chop down the trees that have been carefully planted in a reforestation program since the Korean War, we have bought a big plastic one that has served us well. It is particularly fun to give it an Oriental decor.

To the Koreans, since Christmas is a Christian holiday, it is celebrated in the church. Prepared on Christmas Eve is a big dinner of rice and Korean trimmings such as fried fish, steamed chicken, char-broiled beef strips, and set off with vegetables marinated in hot peppers and soy sauces. Afterwards, the children present a program of skits, dances and singing, all depicting that special day of Jesus' birth. We have always attended this

part, but bow out about 10 p.m. or so because it goes on through the night!

As Christmas is a family holiday, we have made it a point to be together with other missionaries of our Foursquare family on Christmas day. Of course, we keep the tradition of who can stuff themselves the most, greatly delighting in those goodies we only afford ourselves at this time of year. Walnuts, ham or turkey, and sausage are found in the dressing. There may be something chocolate and gooey for dessert, or, since we can get lots of peanuts and brown sugar, we make lots of peanut brittle. Sugar cookies with artistic decorations are also a favorite. Add the fruit and it has rounded off a beautiful holiday season and glorious day of rejoicing in Jesus our Saviour.

4

Inside Our Foursquare Family

God Heals Paralysis in Gaffney, South Carolina!

"All my life I could hardly wait to be 21 years old," writes Linda Mize of the Gaffney, South Carolina, Foursquare Gospel Church (Rev. Sterling Brackett, pastor). "That seemed the ideal age to be. So, in 1962 I had my 21st birthday on June 13, and by the 19th I was deathly ill. My whole body became paralyzed. Similar to polio, it was diagnosed as polyneuritis. The doctors told my family that there was no hope for me to live.

"All my life I had been taught about Jesus, but I had gotten tangled up in the



world. And I hadn't realized that He died for our afflictions as well as our salvation. So, flat on my back, I looked up and saw Jesus again. He surely was patient with me. He dried my tears and gave me strength to sit up, to feed myself, and finally He put me on my feet again.

"I was only in a wheelchair for two years (the doctors had said that for the rest of my life I was supposed to be an invalid) and now the paralysis is gone.

"Now I have a small group of mentally handicapped people that I am working with at church. Until this past year, I taught handicapped children for nine years. My illness has certainly helped me understand the children. God has given me much patience to work with the handicapped. He has also used me many times to give my testimony to people who are ill or unsaved.

"I still stumble sometimes, but God is there and picks me up. He is always with us. He loves, forgives and heals spiritually and physically."

An Old Fashioned Sunday

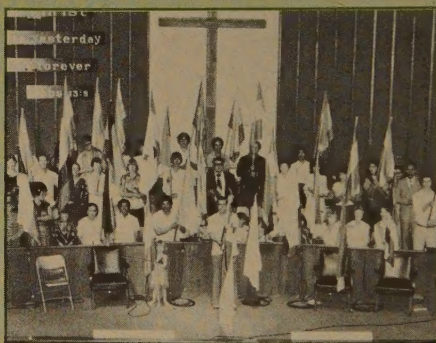
The Akron, Colorado, Foursquare Church (Rev. Ted Griffis, pastor) participated in the Akron Bicentennial weekend by having an old fashioned Sunday recently. An oldtime hymn sing was featured with musical numbers with homemade instruments. One man from the congregation received the "longest



beard award" for the town of Akron. The church also participated in the talent show.

Convention March of the Flags Repeated in Las Vegas

Rev. Fred Dawson, pastor of the Las Vegas, Nevada, Foursquare Church, and his wife, Carol, were so inspired by the "March of the Flags" opening night at the 1982 International Foursquare Convention in April, that they went home and repeated the ceremony for their congregation using flags from each



country where Missions International has missionary works.

As each flag bearer crossed the platform, Rev. Dawson announced the number of churches and meeting places for each country and the number of 1981 converts. When the Christian flag was presented, a challenge was given to volunteer for fulltime service in the Lord's harvest field. A significant number of people did respond. In addition, many responded to give faith pledges of donations each month to Foursquare Missions International. "It was a beautiful and powerful service," said the Dawsons.

A Neat Way of Saying "I Love You"

A few sat under a sign that read "UNEMPLOYED? LOW INCOME? NO INCOME? Maybe we can help you with

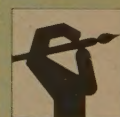
services." They said they offered anything from appliance repair to babysitting. Others were offering free popcorn, juices, and rides, with hot dogs selling for a quarter.

Who were these people? They were members of the Foursquare Church in Southeast Portland, Oregon (Dr. Allan Hamilton, pastor). The college class at the church decided it was time to show their community that they care. So, in conjunction with the Buckman-Sunnyside Reach-Out program, a community service made up of volunteers from local churches, they planned a Saturday neighborhood block party at Colonel Summers Park, Portland.

"We just thought it was a neat way of saying, 'I love you,'" said Wilson Smith, class member. "It's a time to tear down the walls of the church and bridge the gap in the community."

Said Mike Starpopli, master of ceremonies, "The purpose of this event was not to say 'Hey, we're laying the Lord on you.' We wanted to get the neighbors together to have fun."

And the day couldn't have been more perfect. "When I woke up that morning and saw clouds," said Becky Mourer, "I said, 'No way, Lord, bring out the sun.'"



Letters

"We enjoy the ADVANCE very much with its sharpness and clarity in both format and content. We appreciate your facing controversial issues."

—Pastor Chip Whitman, Parkrose, Oregon

"I think the July/August, 1982, (Global Leadership Conference) *Advance* issue is one of the best issues over the past many months, and I have ordered extras for distribution. Keep up the good work."

—Dr. Donald L. McGregor, Missions International

"The June, 1982, (International Foursquare Convention) issue was tremendously inspiring. It encourages me to see a large organization as the International Church of the Foursquare Gospel still holding high a strong revival vision."

—Mark S. Hewitt, Gaithersburg, Maryland

"Thank you for such a fine magazine. We enjoy it more and more."

—Mrs. J. L. Stone, Cape Girardeau, Missouri



SPIRITUAL CYANIDE

Millions of regular or occasional users of extra-strength Tylenol capsules suddenly stopped swallowing the pain reliever two months ago. The Old Testament exclamation, "There is death in the pot" (II Kings 4:40, KJV) or "There's poison in this stew" (LB) could be paraphrased, "There was death in the bottle" in the cases of several victims who died after ingesting Tylenol capsules doctored with cyanide. Then in California, investigators found strychnine in a few capsules of the same medication in bottles on store shelves.

A pessimistic James Cope, president of the Proprietary Association representing manufacturers of non-prescription drugs, conceded, "We cannot give assurances on anything that sells in the marketplace," adding, "I'd look carefully at anything I ingested over the next couple of months." And Federal Drug Administration's (FDA) Commis-

sioner Arthur Hull Hayes warned, "There is no way to make drug containers tamper-proof, only tamper resistant."

By the time this column gets into print, authorities may have discovered the culprits who laced medicated capsules with poisons. And legislators will wrestle with how to make containers as tamper-resistant as possible. It seems incredible that anyone could be so depraved as to perpetrate such wanton murder against unidentifiable-in-advance victims. Some officials have likened the outrage to the first hijacking of an airplane, which gave others the idea. A headline blared, "Officials worried about copycats." The California strychnine scare, they suggest, may have been the work of a copycat.

Spiritually speaking, there have been countless copycats of the son of the prophet who put the poisoned gourds into the pot of stew Elisha ordered for a common meal. (Cf. II Kings 4:38-41. Aimee Semple McPherson had an outstanding sermon entitled, "Death in the Pot," printed in her book, "This is That." It is worthy of study.) The minister added the gourds to the stew, and his colleagues, immediately upon tasting it, cried, "There is death in the pot."

Elisha offered a miraculous antidote. He threw in a handful of meal and the

stew became edible. We may liken that meal to the Word of God. Bring Scripture rightly divided into contact with poisonous teachings and it exposes the falsehoods and half-truths and affords health-giving spiritual food.

So very many religious stews being ladled out in assemblies, in print, on radio and television, and from door to door, represent spiritual strychnine (which is not as dangerous as cyanide and fatal usually only in large doses, though its symptoms may be traumatic) or spiritual cyanide (fatal in the tiniest doses). Jesus warned, "Take heed what ye hear" (Mark 4:24, KJV), which pertains to the contents, and also, "Take heed therefore how ye hear" (Luke 8:18, KJV), which would seem to pertain to the context or packaging. We are responsible to reject false teachings in whatever form they appear.

Cyanide in a medication capsule really is no less dangerous than in a cyanide package, but in the doctored capsule, people have swallowed it who would have had nothing to do with it in normal containers. However, in spiritual things we must not only avoid the poisonous teachings, but also especially ingest the true Word of God. The best protection from a counterfeit is to know well the genuine truth. 4

Dr. Cox is the pastor of the Salem, Oregon, Foursquare Church.



Building a Christian Library

Recommended by Lois Brown, Director of Christian Education, these books are ideal for Christmas presents, special occasion presents, and good ol' year round reading.

Special Boxed Gift Set by Janette Oke, Bethany House Publishers, \$11.85 a set. Good for all ages, the set includes three of her best selling books:

Love Comes Softly—A marriage of convenience blossoms into a heartfelt love born of commitment in a pioneer setting in the old west.

Love's Enduring Promise—A continuing story of pioneer adventure cast in the mold of "Little House on the Prairie."

Love's Long Journey—Missy had to rely on her childhood training of faith and strength to withstand the bewildering events that awaited her as she went west to a new home.

The Fisherman's Lady, by George MacDonald, Bethany House Publishers, \$5.95.

A compelling Gothic novel set in an old Scottish village weaves a strong spiritual message into all classic elements of conflict, raging storms and dark mystery. Above all, it portrays a remarkable example of selfless love. Freshly edited for today's reader.

Bible Country, by Woodrow Kroll, Accent Books, \$15.95.

A journey through the Holy Land. It's both a travel guide and a gift book written in the you-are-there style. It is not only filled with information, but with a reverence that will inspire and fill with hope those who take the pilgrimage through its pages. 4



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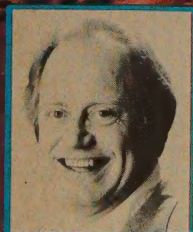
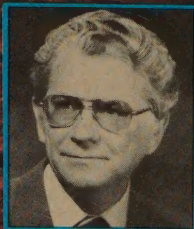
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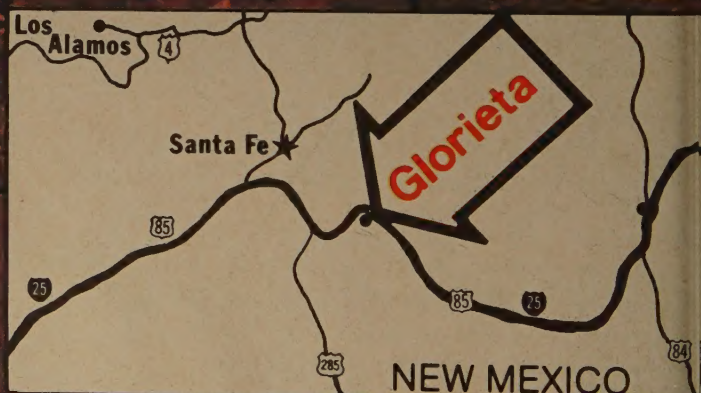


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